

After Sleepy Hollow

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Summary: The continuation of the movie 'Sleepy Hollow'

After Sleepy Hollow

"Constable Crane, your assignment was to arrest the murderer, and return him here to face his punishment...isn't that correct?" questioned the high constable.

> "Yes, but you see.." Ichabod began.
 "I see that you were not able to follow out orders...or that you simply became fearful and returned here with lies."

> "No, I did figure out who the murderer was.." "I've heard enough..."
 "Please, just listen..."

> "To what? Your paltry talk that consists of tales of Horsemen and witchcraft? I can't figure out if this is either a desperate attempt at protecting your name, or at ruining it." the high constable scoffed, and was about to get up, when the doors opened, and Katrina stalked in. Ichabod had told her to wait outside, that the whole ordeal would 'only take a moment'...
 "It is true. Everything he says! I am a witness. I saw it all, and so did he." Katrina said, motioning to a newly arrived Young Masbath.

> "Who are you? And why should I believe any of this nonsense?" the High Constable asked.
 "My name is Katrina Van Tassel. Simply because its true. If you were so intent as to go see from yourself, we would surely not stop you, but we certainly would not follow. The whole town saw many a gruesome sight. And everyone lost someone they cared for."

> "Really. Well, I am not going to go down there myself, but I will make sure you are not being deceitful by sending someone else more trustworthy down there." the high constable said, looking at a crowd of young and able men. They all seemed to bend their heads at that moment. "And I mean it." the constable added, scowling. Ichabod glanced up at him.
 "You are free to go Crane....for now. But I will find out the truth."

> "Yes sir, that you will." Ichabod said, then walked out of the building, Katrina and Young Masbath following. Once they were in the safety of the outdoors, Katrina shook her head slightly.
 "That

man is about the most impossible one I have ever come across..." She said.

> "Yes, well he is rather strict towards people who want to make the world a sane place to live." Ichabod replied quickly.
 "Oh well at least its over. When whoever goes to see if the whole story is a lie returns, they will all know the truth." Young Masbath said.

> "Yes...and that is a grisly truth, indeed.." Ichabod said, flinching at the thought.
 "I don't know about the rest of you, but I want to go and look this whole place over..." young Masbath said, looking around at the towering buildings.

> "It is rather dangerous around here..." Ichabod warned. After a look of disbelief, young Masbath said, "I..well we all survived a sword toting headless demon, and a few crazy witches..I think I can manage busy streets."
 "Alright...go on..." Ichabod said, and young Masbath ran off.

> "I think he was looking to be rid of us..." Katrina said, laughing.
 "As to be expected. We are the boring adults, after all."

> "Says who?" Katrina asked, smiling slyly.
 "I don't know..someone..." Ichabod stuttered. "Life after childhood certainly doesn't grow old and gray like some old maids hair...it can be passionate.." Katrina said, softly, a mixture of playful, and profound tones in her voice.

> "Yes Katrina...it is you that will always remind of that." Ichabod said, and realized that she was staring right into his eyes, which under any normal circumstances would have made him very nervous. But with Katrina it was..different. Before either one knew it, their faces were inches from each other, and...
 "Constable Crane?!" An obnoxious voice called. Startled to death, Ichabod turned quickly around, to face another one of the constables that had laughed about Ichabod never returning.

> "What..do you..want?" he stammered, trying to regain composure.
 "Well, so you didn't die at the hands of the Sleepy Hollow murderer....I'm impressed! The high constable was saying how we'd finally gotten rid of you, and your practices of theory and reason once and for all!" the constable laughed.

> "Well, I'm afraid you were wrong." Ichabod said coldly. Katrina simply glared at the man, whom had just noticed her presence.
 "I believe you never introduced me to your company! Who is this young lady?" he asked, more than a little curiously.

> "This-this is Katrina Van Tassel. She is-was-from Sleepy Hollow." Ichabod replied, and Katrina gave a slight, impulsive curtsy, and said, "How do you do, sir.."
 "Not as fine as Crane here! He gets banished to a place that appears as horrible as hell, and comes back with a woman! How'd that happen?"

> "Its a very long, and disturbing tale. Perhaps it will be told some other time, but for now we must be going. Good day, sir." Katrina said, and walked away, Ichabod following, until they were well away from the man and his game of 20 questions.
 "People are quite outspoken around here, aren't they." Katrina commented.

> "Yes..the truth is, I can't stand the half of them. Especially the one we just encountered. A very vulgar man. But you handled him well, indeed."
 "I have been trained to be a young lady of a household. I must be tolerant." Katrina said, halfway amused.

> "Well, that you are." Ichabod said. The little bit of sun that could be seen was sinking beneath the clouds, and the homeless dogs of the streets could be heard howling from afar.
 "Lets get home, shall we?" Ichabod said nervously. Katrina just fought back smiling at the way he hid his fear, and nodded.

> It was pitch dark outside now, and Ichabod kept staring out the window, pacing around in circles.
 "Why are you paranoid?" Katrina finally asked.

> "I'm...not," he replied simply.
 "Yes you are. Its rather obvious."

> "I'm really not." he insisted. Katrina walked over to him.
 "I'm sure young Masbath will come back here with his head still in tact." She said. Ichabod looked at her strangely, and walked over to the window.

> "Why would you think I was worried about him? He has proven that he can handle situations."
 "Yes, but we all went through an awful lot together. He was panicked when you were shot, wasn't he?" "I suppose so."

> "He is young. He will want to explore new surroundings, And he will return." Katrina said, walking over to the window as well. The snow was still falling steadily, and had covered the ground generously. There was a long moment of silence, and Ichabod looked over at Katrina. He was about to say something....anything...when there was a harsh knock on the door.
 "I'll..go see who that is." Uchabod said. Opening the door, there was a young boy standing there.

> "Is there something you need?" Ichabod asked suspiciously.
 "Yes sir....I was talking with another boy today who said he was new here...he pointed this out to the place he was staying...well..he...he..well we all...lost track of him, and...haven't been able to find him.." the boy said. Katrina looked worriedly at Ichabod.

> "Very well...I shall go find him then." he said.
 "I will come too." Katrina announced, and they both were out the door. The boy just shook his head, and walked off.

* * *

> The streets were dark, and empty. It was freezing cold, and of course,snowy. Ichabod and Katrina stalked around peering around corners.
 "I am not liking the looks of any of this. He is only a child, really. And I am not sure that this area is safe." Katrina rambled.

> "Don't worry too much. Katrina. I think people have an understanding of the laws around here. They wouldn't be so foolish as to harm a child." Ichabod insisted. There was an estranged trail, and they decided to follow it, since they hadn't already. It was a trail that was secluded in several acres of trees.
 "This area reminds me of.." Katrina trailed off.

> "Sleepy Hollow? Yes it does look like it...." Ichabod said uneasily, glancing around at the tree's, which on a branch of one sat an owl, that just stared at them. Ichabod looked at it suspiciously.
 "It does remind me alot of home. Not that forests are considered comforting at all anymore." Katrina said, also looking warily around.

> "Of course not after all that occured there." Ichabod said, and stopped dead when a branch broke, and howling type noises were heard.
 "What..what was that??" Ichabod asked timidly.

> "The headless Horseman, maybe?" Katrina teased.
 "Where?" Ichabod demanded, and turned to see the owl fly briskly over them, scaring them both out of thier wits. Grabbing Katrina's arm, Ichabod fled into the bushes.

> "Keep..quiet." he said, and a small pack of wild, seemingly harmless dogs ran through the forest, and out of sight.
 "How did you know?" Katrina asked.

> "I saw them..as I was turning to see that horrible owl." he explained. Looking around, everything appeared the same. The trees. The bushes. There was nothing that signified the exit to the dark woods.
 "Where are we?" Katrina wondered out loud.

> "I really don't know...I've never been around this area before." Ichabod replied, an edge of fear in his voice.
 "Were lost...and so is young Masbath." Katrina muttered.

> "We will find him...eventually." Ichabod said. "And we we all get out of here...." he added.
 "I suppose thats true...we have survived worse. Cowering in the bushes of a forest full of nothing but a few wild dogs shouldn't be anything to get too upset over." Katrina said.

> "Thats right. It will be daylight before we know it, and then it will be much easier to see what were doing."
 "Morning seems so far away. It is extremely cold." Katrina said, shivering.

> "Yes, it is quite chilly out..." Ichabod replied, looking at the snow covered ground.
 "Ichabod..back in Sleepy Hollow, when was it you realized that you loved me?" Katrina asked in a strait, serious voice. Ichabods eyes flew open wide at the dramactic subject change.

> "In all honesty...from the moment I saw you..and the way your eyes were... I reconized that no other woman had ever looked at me in such a way." Ichabod said, looking at her in a way that went with the way he felt at the moment. Realizing this, he turned away, getting that familiar feeling of nervousness, and embarrassment back.
 "I was only looking at you that way because I had realized the very same thing, Ichabod. From the moment I saw you.." (ooo sappinesss) Ichabod looked over at her, halfway suprisied, but really expected to hear that. He found himself moving closer to her, and kissing her, and her not pulling away. But before a moment could be savored, a shreiking sound of a horse came from the distance. Ichabod and Katrina both fearfully peered through the leaves. The sound of drum like hooves could be heard, getting louder, and louder.....until a horse emerged from the mists, a horse as black as the night...and a the owner dressed the same. And there was no head in sight.

> "Bloody Christ..." Ichabod gasped, and him and Katrina kept hidden. The horseperson drew their sword...and then attempted to swing it around, but it fell clumsily from their hands. And as they were reaching to pick it up, a black scarf fell from where their head should be, exposing that there was one...hidden under the clothing. Someone was pulling a dirty joke, and was failing miserably. The 'Headless Horseman' turned, and trotted unevenly out of the forest on the fiesty black horse. Ichabod and Katrina gave eachother confused looks. Then there was a rustling noise, and someone came towards them from withen the trees. From closer inspection, it was young Masbath.
 "There you are, where have you been?" Katrina demanded, worried.

> "I got lost. I've been lost all day." young Masbath said quietly.
 "Well, at least we found you, now we can get out of this place. I believe the horseman went that way." Ichabod said, pointing left.

> "Horseman?!" young Masbath exclaimed.
 "We'll explain on the way home...." Katrina said. As they were leaving the forest, and finally found their way out, Ichabod felt extreme uneasiness towards this horseman impersonator.

* * *

> When they returned home, and had asked young Masbath all of the questions they could think of, Ichabod had one last thing he wanted

to know...
 "Yoing Masbath...weren't you given a first name to go with your last?"

> "Yes sir, I am my fathers soon all the way, inheriting his full name. Johnathon Masbath." Young...well, Johnathon said.
 "Well then. Thats what we'll call you for now on, then." Ichabod said. And then Johnathon retreated to his room. Katrina waited until silence was apen them.

> "Ichabod, who would impersonate the horseman like that? Its rather sickening...."
 "Yes..I think it was definately someone who knows my work, and was aware of the whole horseman story. They certainly cannot handle a sword." Ichabod mused.

> "What are we going to do about it?"
 "I will report it to the high Constable tomorrow...from there we will figure out what to do." Ichabod said. Katrina nodded in response.

> "I advise you get your rest, Katrina. Tomorrow will be a long day." he added. She nodded again, and kissed his cheek. She went to her room, leaving Ichabod with that 'look' on his face. <p> <p>

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